SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

"He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave."

Volume 3. RODNEY, (MISS.) TUESDAY MORNING AUGUST 2, 1836. No. 25.--Whole No. 129.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Philadelphia Dun.

One day, no matter when, a stranger was seen riding slowly through the streets of a flourishing town in Tennessee. He was a well dressed, good looking young man, mounted upon what in this country would be called, "the best kind of a nag." His appearance, altogether, was respectable enough; it was even, as respects exteriors, a touch above what is common; and he would have passed along unnoticed, had it not been for one thing, which excited universal attention. Although the streets were crowded with people, and the fronts of the stores adorned with fine goods, and such fancy articles as usually attract the eye—the stranger's gaze was fixed on vacancy, he turned his head neither to the right nor the left, he moved not lip nor eye-lid; but rode forward, as if apparently unconscious, as well of his own existance, as of the presence of his fellow creatures.

It was court week, and an unusual concourse of people was collected. Here was the judge, with a long train of lawyers. The candidates for office were here, distributing smiles and kindness, and practising all those popular arts, which are so well understood in every republican country. Here was the farmer, clad in his neatest homespun, and mounted on his best horse. Here was the hunter, with his rifle. Here, in short, were the *people;* collected some for pleasure, and some for business, exhibiting that excitement of feeling which crowds always produce, with a good-humour which is only found in countries where all are free and equal. The public square exhibited a scene which would have been amusing to one unaccustomed to such displays of character. At one spot were two neighbours driving a bargain. Unlike the people of other countries, who transact such business in private, they were surrounded by a host of people, who all occasionally, throw in their comments. A stranger, judging from the sly jokes, the loud, bantering, and vociferous laughter which passed round the circle, would not have supposed that any seri ous business was in hand; a resident only would infer, that before this little circle parted, a horse would be swapped, a crop of tobacco sold, a tract of land conveyed. Not far off, was a set of politicians, settling the affairs of the nation. But the most amusing individuals, were some two or three, who were *cavorting*. Now, if any lady or gentleman is so ignorant of the American language as not to know what cavorting is, and if Webster's celebrated quarto does not furnish the definition, it is necessary that we explain, that it expresses the conduct of an individual who fancies himself the smartest and best man in the world. On the present occasion, a fellow might be seen, dressed in a hunting shirt, with a rifle on his shoulder, mounted half tipsy, upon a spirited horse, and dashing through the crowd. Now he would force his spurs into his horse's sides, and put him at full speed, or rein him up until he reared on his hinder feet; and now he would command him to stop, and the obedient animal would stand and tremble. All the time he was ranting roaring in praise of himself, his horse, and the United States of America. He boasted that he was born in the woods, socked in a sugar trough, and suckled by a buffalo, that he could tote a steamboat, and outrun a streak of lightning; that his wife was as handsome as a pet fawn, and his children *real roarers*. He bestowed similar encomiums his on horse; and finally avowed himself to be a friend to the United States of America—and then he commenced again and went over the same round, flourishing his rifle all the time, and exerting his lungs to their utmost. Although he often declared that he could whip any man in the round world, except Col. C. that he *fit* under at New Orleans, nobody accepted the challenge, or took offence; the whole being considered as a matter of course, and the natural effect of stimulant potations upon an illiterate man of ardent temperament, who, when duly sober, was an honest, quiet, and inoffensive citizen.

While the people were amused at the vagaries of this wild hunter, or engaged in conversation, the sun had gone down, and it was nearly dusk when the moving automaton, discribed in the commencment of this story, rode solemnly into the town. It is customary in this country for persons who meet, although unacquanted, to salute each other, and this courtesy is especially practised towards strangers; and although the new comer, on this occasion, would not have been expected to address each individual in a crowded street, yet, when those who were nearest nodded or spoke, as they civilly opened the way, they were surprised to see the horseman's gaze fixed on vacancy, and his body remaning as erect as if tied to a stake.

"That man's asleep," said one.

"He's as blind as a bat," said another.

"I reckon he's sort o' dead," exclaimed a third.

"He rides an elegant nag," remarked a fourth, and all were surprised that a man, who was apparently so good a judge of a horse, had not wit enough to see where he was going, or to know who were around him.

In the meanwhile our traveller moved proudly on, until he reached the best inn; a find brick building, presenting every indication of neatness, comfort, and even luxury. As he rode up two well fed athletic negroes, with visages like polished ebony and teeth as white as snow, rushed forth, and while one seized his bridle, the other held his stirrup as he dismounted. Still the automaton relaxed not a muscle; but drawing up his body, moved majestically towards the house. At the door he was met by the landlord, a portly, well dressed man, with a fine, open countenance, who had been honoured by his fellow citizens with several civil appointments, and had even commanded some of them in the field, in times of peril. He touched his hat as he welcomed the stranger, and invited him into his house with an air of dignity and hospitality. A servant took his surtout, and several gentlemen who were seated round the fire pushed back their chairs to make way for the stranger. But all these things moved not the automaton; the glazed eye and compressed lip were still fixed, and the chin remained in the cushion of an immense cravat. After a momentary pause the gentlemen in the room resumed conversation, the landlord applied himself to the business of his house, and the silent traveller was consigned to the oblivion which he seemed to covet; and excited no more attention except from an honest backwoodsman, who strolled in to take a peep, and after gazing at him for a quarter of an hour, suddenly clapped his hands, and exclaimed to his companion, "It moves, Bill! if it a'n't alive, I'll agree to go a-foot as long as I live."

By this time candles were lighted, and the silent gentleman seemed to grow weary of silence. He now rose and strutted across the apartment with a very important stride. He was a young man of about two-and-twenty; of ordinary height, and less than ordinary thickness. His person seemed to be compressed with corsets, and his head was supported by the ears upon a semicircle of stiffened linen, which occupied the place of a shirt collar; and all his habiliments announced him to the eye of the curious, as a genuine specimen of the singular *genus*, the dandy. After taking several turns through the apartment, he drew forth his gold repeater, and opening his mouth for the first time, exclaimed in a peremptory tone, "Landlord! I want supper!"

"You shall have it, sir," said the landlord, with a bow, and winking at the sametime at the other guests, "we had supped when you arrived, but well not detain you many minutes."

In a short time supper was announced, and the stranger was shown into a back room, handsomely furnished, where a neat elderly matron presided at the head of a table spread with tea, coffee, bread, cakes, beef, pork, bacon, venison, fowls, and all that profusion of eatables with which western ladies delight to entertain their guests. Near her sat a young lady, modestly attired, in the bloom of youth and beauty, whose easy manners and engaging appearance might have warmed any heart not callous to the charms of native elegance. Now, indeed, our dandy opened both mouth and eyes to some purpose. Scarcely deigning to return the salutation of his hostess, he commenced the work of havoc—fish, flesh and fowl vanished before him; his eye roved from dish to dish, and then wandered off to the young lady: now he gazed at a broiled chicken, and now at the fair niece of the landlord—but which he liked best, I am unable to say—the chicken seemed to *go off* very well, but on the subject of the damsel he never opened his mouth.

Returning again to the sitting apartment, he found the same set of gentlemen whom he had left there still engaged in conversation. They were the judge, the lawyers, and other intelligent men of the country, who were not a little amused at the airs of our dandy. Again they opened their circle to receive him, but his eyes, his mouth, and his heart, if he had one, were closed against every thing but the contemplation of his own important self. After drawing off his boots, picking his teeth, and puffing a segar, he again opened his mouth, with, "Landlord! I want to go to bed!"

"Whenever you please, sir."

"I want a room to myself, sir!"

"I do not know how that will be," replied the landlord; "my house is full, and I shall be compelled to put you into a room with some of these gentlemen."

"I can't go it, sir!" replied the dandy, strutting up and down; "never slept in a room with any body in my life, sir, and never will!—must have a room, sir."

The landlord now laughed outright at the airs of the coxcomb, and then said, very good-humoredly,

"Well, well, I'll go and talk with my wife, and see what we can do."

"My dear," said the landlord, as he entered the supper room, "here's a man who says *he must* have a room to himself."

"What, that greedy little man, in corsets?"

"The same."

"Set him up with a room!" exclaimed the landlady.

"He is a trifling fellow," said the landlord, "but if we can accommodate the poor little man, we had better do so."

The lady professed her readiness to discharge the rites of hospitality, but declared that there was not a vacant apartment in the house.

"Give him my room, aunt," said the pretty niece, "I will sleep with the children, or any where you please." The young lady was a visitor, and a great favorite, and the elder lady was altogether opposed to putting her to any discomfort, particularly on account of such a rude man. But the niece carried her point, and arrangements were made accordingly.

In a few minutes, the silent man was conducted by the landlord to a very handsomely furnished apartment in the back part of the house. Every thing here was of the best and neatest kind. A suit of curtains hung round the bed; the counterpane was white as snow, and the bed linen was fresh and fragrant. The dandy walked round the room, examining every thing with the air of a man who fancied his life in danger from some contagious disease, or venomous reptile. He then threw open the bed clothes, and after inspecting them, exclaimed, "I can't sleep in that bed!"

"Why not, sir?" inquired the astonished landlord.

"It's not clean! I can't sleep in it!" repeated the dandy, strutting up and down with the most amusing air of self importance, "I wouldn't sleep there for a thousand dollars!"

"Take care what you say," said the landlord "you are not aware that I keep the best house in all this country, and that my wife is famed for the cleanliness of her house and beds!"

"Can't help it," replied the dandy, very deliberately surveying himself in a mirror, "very sorry, sir—awkward business, to be sure—but, to be plain with you, I won't sleep in a dirty bed to please any man."

"You won't, won't you?"

"No, sir, I will not."

"Then I will make you," said the landlord, and seizing the astonished dandy by the back of the neck, he led him to the bed, and forced his face down upon it—"Look at it," continued the enraged Tennessean, "examine it—smell it—do you call that bed dirty, you puppy?" Then, going to the door, he called to a servant to bring a horsewhip, and informed the terrified dandy, that unless he undressed and went to bed instantly, he should order his negro to horsewhip him. In vain the mortified youngster promised to do all that was required of him; the landlord would trust nothing to his word, but remained until his guest was disrobed, corsets and all, and snugly nestled under the snow-white counterpane.

It was nearly breakfast time, when the crest-fallen stranger made his appearance in the morning. To his surprise, his steed, who had evidently fared as well as himself, stood ready saddled at the door.

"Pray, sir," said he to his host, in a very humble tone, and in a manner which showed him at a loss how to begin the conversation, "pray, sir, at what hour do you breakfast?"

"We breakfast at eight," was the reply, "but the question is one in which you can have little interest; for you must seek a meal elsewhere."

"Surely, my dear sir, you would not treat a gentleman with such indignity—"

"March!" said the landlord.

"My bill ——"

"You owe me nothing: I should think myself degraded by receiving your money."

In another moment, the self-important mortal, who, the evening before, had ridden through the town with such a consciousness of his own dignity, was galloping away, degraded, vexed, and humbled. As he passed along, the same backwoodsman, who had gone to ascertain the fact of his vitality on his first arrival, met him, and pulling of his hat, said, very civilly, "Stranger, your girth is under your horse." The dandy reined up his steed, jumped off, and found that his girth was indeed under his horse—where it ought to be.

"Do you mean to insult me?" exclaimed he, turning fiercely upon the backwoodsman; but the latter, instead of replying, coolly remarked to his companions, "If it a'n't alive, I'll agree to be shot," and walked on.

"Who is that young man?" inquired the judge of the circuit court, as the stranger rode off.

"He is a Philadelphia dun," replied the landlord.

"I am no wiser than before," said his honor.

"Have you lived in our country so long, and not known this race of men? Sir, they are the collectors, sent out by eastern merchants to collect their debts. Although they come from different cities, they all go under one general denomination; some of them are fine young men, but too many are like yonder chap."

"But how do you know this to be one of them?"

"Oh, bless you, I know them well. I read the history of that youth, in his motions, before he was in my house five minutes. One year ago he could bow and smile like a French dancing master, skip over a counter, and play as many tricks as a pet monkey. He is just out of his apprenticeship, promoted to the dignity of a dun, and mounted on a fine horse, and you know the old proverb, "set a beggar on horseback—"

"I understand the whole matter," replied the judge, and very gravely walked into the house, while the younger members of the bar were roaring with laughter at this odd adventure of the Philadelphia dun.

Franklin and Gov. Burnet.

Ben had just returned from assisting to put poor Collins to bed, when the captain of the vessel which had brought him to New York, stepped up, and in a very respectful manner, put a note into his hand; Ben opened it, not without considerable agitation, and read as follows:

"G. Burnet's compliments await young Mr. Franklin—and should be glad of half an hour's chat with him, over a glass of wine."

"G. Burnet!" said Ben, "who can that be?"

"Why, 'tis the governor," replied the captain, with a smile—"I have just been to see him, with some letters I brought for him from Boston. And when I told him what a world of books you have, he expressed curiosity to see you, and begged I would return with you to his palace."

Ben instantly set off with the captain, but not without a sigh, as he cast a look on the door of poor Collins' bed-room, to think what an honor that wretched young man had lost for the sake of two or three vile gulps of filthy grog.

The governor's looks, at the approach of Ben, showed somewhat of a disappointment. He had, it seems, expected considerable entertainment from Ben's conversation. But his fresh and ruddy countenance showed him so much younger than he had counted, on, that he gave up all his promised entertainment as a lost hope. He received Ben, however, with great politeness, and, after pressing on him a glass of wine, took him into an adjoining room, which was his library, consisting of a large and well chosen collection.

Seeing the pleasure which sparkled in Ben's eyes, as he surveyed so many elegant authors, and thought of the rich stores of knowledge which they contained, the governor, with a smile of complacency, as on a young pupil of science, said to him,

"Well, Mr. Franklin, I am told by the captain here, you have a fine collection too."

"Only a trunk full, sir," said Ben.

"A trunk full, sir!" replied the governor, "why, what use can you have for so many books? Young people, at your age, have seldom read beyond the tenth chapter of Nehemiah."

"I can boast," replied Ben, "of having read a great deal beyond that myself, but still, I should be sorry if I could not get a trunk full of books to read every six months."

At this the governor, regarding him with a look of surprise, said:

"You must then, though so young, be a scholar; perhaps a teacher of the languages?"

"No, sir," answered Ben, "I know no language but my own."

"What, not Latin nor Greek?"

"No, sir, not a word of either."

"Why, don't you think them necessary?"

"I don't set myself up as a judge; but I should not suppose them necessary."

"Ay! well, I should like to hear your reason."

"Why, sir, I am not competent to give reasons that may satisfy a man of your learning, but the following are the reasons with which I satisfy myself. I look on language, sir, merely as arbitrary sounds of characters, whereby men communicate their ideas to each other. Now, I already possess a language which is capable of conveying more ideas than I shall ever acquire; were it not wiser in me to improve my time in gaining *sense*, through that one language, than waste it in getting mere *sounds* through fifty languages, even if I could learn as many?"

Here the governor paused a moment, though not without a little red on his cheeks, for having only a minute before put Ben and chapter X. of Nehemiah so close together. However, conning a new idea, he took another start:—

"Well, but, my dear sir, you certainly differ from the learned world, which is, you know, decidedly in favor of the languages?"

"I would not wish wantonly to differ from the learned world," said Ben, "especially when they maintain opinions that seemed to me founded in truth. But when this is not the case, to differ from them, I have ever thought my duty, and especially since I studied Locke."

"Locke!" cried the governor with surprise, "*you studied Locke?*"

"Yes, sir, I studied Locke on the Understanding three years ago, when I was thirteen."

"You amaze me, sir. You study Locke on the Understanding at thirteen?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well, and pray at what college did you study Locke at thirteen; for at Cambridge college, in Old England, where I got my education, they never allowed the senior class to look at Locke till eighteen?"

"Why, sir, it was my misfortune never to be at a college, nor even a grammar school, except nine months, when I was a child?"

Here the governor sprang from his seat, and staring at Ben, cried out,

"The devil! well, and where—where did you get your education, pray?"

"At home, sir, in a tallow-chandler's shop."

"In a tallow-chandler's shop!" screamed the governor.

"Yes, sir, my father was a poor old tallow chandler, with sixteen children, and I the youngest of all. At eight he put me to school, but finding he could not spare the money from the rest of the children to keep me there, he took me into the shop, where I assisted him by twisting the candle-wicks and filling the moulds all day, and at night I read by myself. At twelve, my father bound me to my brother, a printer in Boston, and with him I worked there all day, at press and case, and again read by myself at night."

Here the governor, spanking his hands together, put up a loud whistle, while his eye-balls, wild with surprise, rolled about in their sockets, as if in a mighty mind to hop out:

"Impossible, young man!" he exclaimed; "impossible; you are only sounding my credulity. I can never believe the one half of all this." Then, turning to the captain, he said:—"Captain, you are an intelligent man, and from Boston; pray tell me, can this young man be aiming at any thing but to quiz me?"

"No, indeed, please your excellency," replied the captain; "Mr. Franklin is not quizzing you; he is saying what is really true, for I am acquainted with his father and family."

The governor then turning to Ben, said more moderately: "Well, my dear wonderful boy, I ask your pardon for doubting your word; and now pray tell me, for I feel a stronger desire than ever to hear your objection to learning the dead languages."

"Why, sir, I object to it principally on account of the shortness of human life. Taking them one with another, men do not live above forty years. Plutarch, indeed, puts it only thirty-three. But say forty. Well, of this full ten years are lost in childhood, before any boy thinks of a Latin grammar. This brings the forty down to thirty. Now at such a moment as this to spend five or six years in learning the dead languages, especially when all the best books in those languages are translated into ours, and besides we already have more books on every subject than such short-lived creatures can ever acquire, seems very preposterous."

"Well, but what are you to do with their great poets, Virgil and Homer, for example I suppose you would not think of translating Homer out of his rich native Greek into our poor, homespun English, would you?"

"Why not, sir?"

"Why, I should as soon think of transplanting a pine-apple from Jamaica to Boston."

"Well, sir, a skilful gardener, with his hot-house, can give us nearly as fine a pine-apple as any in Jamaica. And so Mr. Pope, with his fine imagination, has given us Homer in English, with more of his beauties than ordinary scholars would find in him after forty years' study of the Greek. And besides, sir, if Homer was not translated, I am far from thinking it would be worth spending five or six years to learn to read him in his own language."

"You differ from the critics, Mr. Franklin, for the critics all tell us that his beauties are inimitable too."

"Yes, sir, and the naturalists tell us that the beauties of the basilisk are inimitable too."

"The basilisk, sir! Homer compared with the basilisk! I really don't understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean, sir, that as the basilisk is the more to be dreaded from the beautiful skin that covers his poison, so is Homer; for the bright colorings he throws over bad characters and passions. Now, as I don't think the beauties of poetry are comparable to those of philanthropy, nor a thousandth part so important to human happiness, I must confess I dread Homer, especially as the companion of youth. The humane and gentle virtues are certainly the greatest charms and sweeteners of life. And I suppose, sir, you would hardly think of sending your son to Achilles to learn these."

"I agree he has too much revenge in his composition."

"Yes, sir, and when painted in the colors which Homer's glowing fancy lends, what youth but must run the risk of catching a spark of bad fire from such a blaze as he throws on his pictures?"

"Why this, though an uncommon view of the subject is, I confess, an ingenious one, Mr. Franklin; but, surely, 'tis overstrained."

"Not at all, sir; we are told, from good authority, that it was the reading of Homer that first put it into the head of Alexander the Great to become a HERO, and after him of Charles XII. What millions of creatures have been slaughtered by these two great butchers is not known: but still, probably, not a tythe of what have perished in duels between individuals, from pride and revenge, nursed by reading Homer."

"Well, sir," replied the governor, "I never heard the prince of bards treated in this way before. You must certainly be singular in your charges against Homer."

"Ask your pardon, sir; I have the honor to think of Homer exactly as did the greatest philosopher of antiquity; I mean Plato, who strictly forbade the reading of Homer to his republic. And yet Plato was a heathen. I don't boast myself as a Christian, and yet I am shocked at the inconsistency of our Latin and Greek teachers (generally Christians and DIVINES too) who can one day put Homer into the hands of their pupils, and in the midst of their recitations can stop them short to point out *divine beauties* and *sublimities*, which the poet gives to his hero in the bloody work of slaughtering the poor Trojans, and the next day take them to church to hear a discourse from Christ on the blessedness of meekness and forgiveness. No wonder that hot-livered young men, thus educated, should despise meekness and forgiveness as mere cowards' virtues, and think nothing so glorious as fighting duels and blowing out brains."

Here the governor came to a pause, like a gamester at his last trump. But, perceiving Ben cast his eye on a splendid copy of Pope, he suddenly seized that as a fine opportunity, to turn the conversation. So stepping up, he placed his hand on his shoulder, and in a very familiar manner said:

"Well, Mr. Franklin, there's an author that I am sure you'll not quarrel with; an author that I think you'll pronounce *faultless*."

"Why, sir," replied Ben, "I entertain a most exalted opinion of Pope, but still, sir, I think that he is not without his faults."

"It would puzzle you, I suspect, Mr. Franklin, as keen a critic as you are, to point out one."

"Well, sir," answered Ben, hastily turning to the place, "what do you think of this famous couplet of Mr. Pope's:—

'Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.'"

"I see no fault there."

"No, indeed!" replied Ben; "why now, to my mind, a man can ask no better excuse for any thing he does wrong than *want of sense.*"

"How so?"

"Well, sir, if I might presume to alter a line in this great poet, I would do it in this way:

'Immodest words admit but *this* defence,
That want of decency is want of sense.'"

Here the governor caught Ben in his arms, as a delighted father would his son, calling out at the same time to the captain:

"How greatly am I obliged to you, sir, for bringing me to an acquaintance with this charming boy! Oh, what a delightful thing it would be for us old fellows to converse with sprightly youth, if they were but all like him! But the worst of it is, most parents are blind as bats to the true glory and happiness of their children. Most parents never look higher for their sons than to see them delving like muck-worms for money, or hopping about like jay-birds, in fine feathers. Hence their conversation is generally no better than froth, or nonsense."

After several other handsome compliments on Ben, and the captain expressing a wish to be going, the governor shook hands with Ben, begging, at the same time, that he would forever consider him as one of his fastest friends, and also never come to New York without coming to see him.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. PUTNAM.—During the Revolutionary War, when Gen. Putnam was in command of an important fortress, in the highlands of the Hudson river, his force had been so much weakened by the expiration of limited enlistments, and the withdrawal of troops for the protection of other important passes, that the enemy ventured to besiege his fort. The siege was extended beyond the patience of a veteran, whose feelings were more in favor of field fights than artificial manoeuvres. He was still more annoyed by a bandy-legged drummer, who approached an angle of the fort every morning, to beat an insulting reville. After having chafed under the insult, like a caged lion, he procured one of the Dutch ducking guns, of calibre and length sufficient to reach the drummer, and punish his audacity. He stationed himself with his weapon at the parapet, and soon saw his insulting victim approaching. He had scarcely struck his first note of triumph and defiance, when drum and drummer rolled in the dust. "There," exclaimed the satisfied General, go to—— with your sheep-skin fiddle!"—*American Historical Magazine.*

A bill was originated in the House of Representatives, and passed through all its stages, to change the time of the annual meeting of Congress from the first Monday in December to the first Monday in November. Its fate in the Senate is somewhat doubtful.—*National Intelligencer.*

The bill for the reorganization of the Post Office has finally passed both Houses of Congress, and wants only the approbation of the President of the United States to become a law.—*Ib.*

An old lady living at Natick, upwards of 100 years of age, whose hair has long been perfectly white, now presents a singular spectacle of the hoary locks of age returning to their original color—jet black.

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.—It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart are forever wandering about unsatisfied.—Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty not of earth, and men pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their "festival around the midnight throne" are set above the grasp of our limited faculties; forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and taken away from us, leaving the thousand streams of affections to flow back in alpine torrents upon our hearts! We are born in a realm where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.—*Bulwer.*

From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

This has long been our motto; and, if we may be permitted to argue from the recent events in congress, it is destined to be the motto of a great majority of the people at the Presidential Election next fall. The passage of the Deposite Bill through the Senate, by a vote of *thirty-eight* to one hundred and seventeen!—and this, too, in despite of the labored *personal* opposition of Martin Van Buren and his devoted political parasites, is a triumph of principle and virtue over corruption and party dictation, such as has not been witnessed by the American people, since the administration of Andrew Jackson commenced.

When we hear in mind that Van Buren, aided by *Benton, Wright, Cambreleng, Polk*, and his trained band from this state, labored incessantly to defeat this measure, and, indeed, all but staked his political existence upon the success of his opposition, the importance of its being carried by such an overwhelming vote through both houses, will at once be apparent. It clearly demonstrates what we have repeatedly asserted, that Martin Van Buren cannot command the support of the friends of Andrew Jackson for the Presidency, and that so certain as the fall election takes place, so certain is it that he is destined to be defeated in his ambitious [illegible] Presidency. That he has no hold upon the affections of the people is well known; and now it is equally well known that he cannot command the influence and services of even the party leaders. What then becomes of him and of the system of corruption and intrigue which he has introduced into the government? *They fall together.* A virtuous and enlightened people may be led astray for a time by the military glory of a successful general; but the mere *intriguant*, who has no claim upon their gratitude, and is not identified with a solitary important